An Act of Nature. by boogiewrites

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Summary:

You move back to Hawkins, luckily you hit it off with a friend of your stepbrothers. When Chief Hopper finally gets around to asking you out, what is it going to take for the two of you to find time alone? An act of nature?

An Act of Nature.

This originally started as just a trip to Hawkins to help plan your step brothers wedding. Which was your job in a town far away from Hawkins. It ends with making the decision to move back to Hawkins to help take care of your aging parents.
Now you're left rebuilding a business, long commutes, late nights, early mornings, it's hard work and you're a busy woman. Luckily for you, you find mutual attraction in one of your step brothers friends you'd hit it off with at the wedding. He's started turning into your favorite thing about this place.

Being a party planner, in general, you had plenty of excuses to stop by the station. Just between the permits and fire code questions, it would've been easy to make opportunities to see him. You found yourself driving into town to find out things that could be easily answered in a phone call by another person. But you always wanted to speak to the Chief, and it sure seemed like he always wanted to speak to you. Between your conversations over cigarettes at the station and an accidental run in at the same place for lunch once, you'd not been out with Jim, but you wouldn't say no if he asked.

Today, you're making your way to the station again. You're having the same issue with a certain pain in your ass, Mr. Jones, who keeps fighting you on the ownership line of his and the wedding venues properties. He was making it impossible to set up the venue. Your client wanted 50 tulle bowed white chairs for the ceremony, exactly where Mr. Jones said you couldn't put them, and by God, you were going to get your client those 50 tulle bowed white chairs. You've pulled the surveyor and blueprints for the land from the city. You've even called Jim on him for moving all your event gear overnight, which is not on his property. This old man was stressing you the fuck out and you were done with it.
Your face reads angry as you walk up to Flo's desk.
"Good to see you again Ms. Y/N," Flo says, looking up over her glasses as she types. "The Chief is in his office, do I need to buzz him up for you?" her voice is full of implications, and all of them true. Flo

found your thin veiled back and forth with Hopper amusing.
“Mr. Jones is moving my stuff again.” you speak softly but angrily, the more you think about it, the more animated you become. “He’s screwing with my business and I’m not going to stand for it. He’s done this 3 times already.” you let out a loud noise of frustration as Jim appears out of the doorway to his office.
“Afternoon, Y/N.” he says, stretching as he saunters up to you.
“Hey Chief.” you sigh at the sight of him.
“Jones again?” he asks you, taking a sip from his mug, looking at you over it.
“Yes. He’s being an asshole, and he knows he’s in the wrong, and he’s messing with my work, my business and it’s stressing me the hell out, Hop.” it all comes out much faster and louder than you mean it to.
“Woah, hey, honey, he’s not gonna mess up your work.” he raises his arm, walking you towards his office. “Come on, at least you won’t be yelling at the whole office this way.” he laughs as he shuts the door behind him. You sit in the chair across from his desk, you cross your legs and arms, foot moving up and down in anger. He settles into his big chair across from you, leaning on the top of his desk with his elbows. You just look at each other for a few seconds, you feel compelled to apologize for your angry reaction.
“I didn’t mean to yell, sorry.” you say, it sounds much sassier than it’s meant to, but you are speaking more quietly, at least.
“It’s fine. This is what? The fourth time you’ve had to come to me about this?” he lets out a small huff. “I’d be mad as hell about it too, honey.” his empathy placates you, it’s a welcome feeling to have someone understand your frustration instead of demanding more.
“Thanks,” you say sincerely. “It’s nice to have someone agree with me instead of dealing with rabid, whiney, brides and mother-in-laws who can’t be satisfied.” you let out a sigh and uncross your arms, resting them on the arms of the chair.
“Yeah that sounds…terrible, yeah.” he laughs, and you join in for a brief moment. “I don’t know how you do that, it’d drive me crazy.”
“Coming from the Chief of Police…that’s pretty bad.” the laugh that comes out of your mouth, full of self-pity at your situation for a moment.
“But I can deal with Jones. So don’t worry about it.” he knocks on the wooden desk in front of him, giving you a quick wink. "I’ll go by and make sure we reach an understanding.“ he gives a sly smile.
"I hear using bars of soap in a pillow case works pretty well, doesn’t

leave too many marks." you answer sarcastically, your anger subsiding slowly, you can tell by the grin that finds itself on your face from your conversation.
"Do I need to run a background check on you?" he jokingly narrows his eyes at you. You huff and roll your eyes, giving him a small laugh, indulging him just a little bit. You sigh and there's a weighted silence in the room for a moment. You don't need to stay too long.
"It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have a week off after this event," your head tilts back dramatically, "This one has been so stressful and it's so close to being over and I can get my check and get some damn sleep." you sit up in the chair, preparing to leave. He nods in approval.
"Sounds like you need a break." He sits forward, anticipating your exit. "You taking a week off for any particular reason?" he asks casually, he is a cop after all, always the observant one.
"No. I just packed my schedule so tight after coming back here. Too many late nights and early mornings so close together. I have to stop before I burn out." you stand and he moves to the door.
"Oh, well I wouldn't know anything about working hours like that." he answers sarcastically. You both stand close and give each other flirty glances in the brief seconds your bodies pass each other in the doorway. He walks you down the hallway, out the front doors, you already have your hand digging in your purse. In an almost synchronized way, you both pull cigarettes out of your packs with your lips, and light them, taking a hit as you lean back. "You have any plans for next week yet?" he asks, you side eye him, not turning your face towards him.
"A whole lot of nothing. I just needed to decompress." you exhale a cloud of smoke. "I assumed I'd figure it out as I went." you shrug.
"What day is this wedding on? Saturday? The one I'm beating up an old man for." he grins, nudging you with his elbow. You acknowledge his gesture with a smirk.
"Saturday, yeah. I plan on leaving as soon as they start dancing." your eyes widen, daydreaming and anticipating that moment of relaxation when you realize the job is over. "I can't wait to not have to hear about white chairs with tulle bows anymore." You look over at Jim to elaborate. "The chairs are what Jones is being a dick about. And this woman," you let out a sharp exhale of smoke,"Well she wants her damn chairs, I'll tell you that. They mean more to her than her actual marriage from how she acts." you gesture with your hands

as you speak. “I have nightmares about this wedding, man.” you mumble, “So much tulle…” you repeat, shuddering. Jim’s face is full of amusement as you end your story and look back at him. “I can’t wait for it to be over.”
“Well, after you’ve recovered, would you be interested in going out with me and doing something next week?”
You fight the smile that threatens to give away your excitement. You act like you are making a decision, looking up at his face, you let the excited smile break through slightly. “Yeah, I’d be interested.” you respond, tilting your head at him, you wrap your lips around your cigarette. He gives you the same smile back, mimicking your actions. His voice goes lower than you’ve heard it before, it rumbles through your body.
“Then I’ll be seeing you next week, sweetheart.” he finishes his cigarette. “I’ll call and we’ll figure it out, no need to add more decisions for you to make right now.” he turns back towards the building. “Unless you find another reason to come see me before then.” he shoots you a knowing glance. You let the whole mischievous grin spread across your face as you finish your cigarette.
“Maybe I will. You might be arresting me for assault if you can’t get Jones to listen.” you smirk and adjust your purse.
“Well if you do, I’m sure we can come to some sort of arrangement.” he answers very playfully, you bite the inside of your cheek in an attempt to hide a smile that reads way more than friendly.
“I’m sure we can, Chief.” you let out a small, low laugh as you turn to walk to your car. You wished there was a way to know if the tingling running over your skin was physical excitement or the reaction to the dark gaze Jim was giving your body as you walked away.

Jim kept his promise and took care of Mr. Jones for you. The climax of the job came and went, you went home and crashed, hard, months of overworking catching up with you. You woke up to your phone ringing. You look over at the alarm clock by your bed, 1:27 PM.
“Ugh, shit.” you groan, moving towards the phone on your nightstand. You had slept for over 12 hours. “Hello?” you answer, sleep still very heavy on your voice.
“Wow, you really weren’t lying about crashing afterward, were you?” the deep rumble of Jim’s voice woke you up through the line.
“No…no I wasn’t,” you answer, rubbing your eyes and yawning into the receiver. “I just woke up, sorry.” you clear your throat, rolling

over to your back. “What’s up, Chief?” you ask, your voice sounding less like gravel.
“I didn’t mean to wake you up, sweetheart. I wanted to make sure I made plans with you like we discussed.”
“Mmm Hmm” you manage in response. “I’m game for whatever, Jim.” you roll onto your side. “You wanna go out? You wanna stay in?” you spoke, giving him options. “You wanna do it tonight or when can you with work?” your brain was starting to function again.
“Tonight would be great.”
You take a big stretch, hiding your noises from the receiver of the phone. “Let’s do something with as close to 0 stress as possible.” you suggest.
“Does that exist?” he laughs.
“Depends, what are your vices?”
“Vices?” he asks.
“Yeah, what do you do to relax?”
“I’m afraid I’m not great at relaxing, sweetheart, you might have to take the lead on this one.” he jokes, but you assume that’s probably true.
“Alright then, let me think for a minute.” It’s the first date, even though you know each other a little bit already. Don’t want too casual, not formal and low stress.
“Santino’s on South?” you suggest, “I work with them on catering all the time, they’re good people.”
“Can’t say I’ve eaten there before.”
“It’s good, there’s a bar, it’s not stuffy.” you want to make sure he knows you aren’t going into this expecting him to make a fuss over you.
“Well, you’ve talked me into it.” Not like he would disagree with anything you suggested at this point.

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You go out with Jim, it was as close to 0 stress as you could’ve gotten on a first date. Although a bit mouthy, as usual, he was a gentleman. You eat, you drink, you take your time, you flirt heavily. You end the date at your place, you part at your door after a promise to do this again soon. The period to the end of the date, a perfectly respectable, but lingering kiss.
Your busy schedules make a second date come later and be shorter than either of you wanted. You only find time to go see a movie together, but horror movies always make for a great date in your

opinion. Jim seems amused by your lack of fear while watching the movie, he finds you very charming. Wishing he didn't have to get back to work immediately after your, already short, date, he makes up for it with an intense kiss that bordered on making out before he parted from you. He later regrets this decision when he can't stop thinking about that small little moan you let out while he was kissing you.

More time passes, it's always like you're both busy at the wrong times. The winter weather had moved in fast this year. You found yourself listening to the news, worried about getting out in this for your date. The phone rings.

"Hello?"

"Hey sweetheart." you hear Jim's apologetic voice over the line.

"Evening, Chief." he gets straight to the point.

"I'm afraid with this weather coming in, I don't want you out on the roads, even with me." he sounds like he dislikes this fact as much as you do.

"Yeah I was thinking the same thing, unfortunately." you dramatically pout since he can't see you.

"I'm sorry about this, sweetheart. I haven't had the chance to spend as much time with you as I'd like, I was looking forward to tonight." he speaks low, giving away his intention with his tone. You were really in need of some stress relief and you had hoped Jim might be the one to help you out with that tonight.

"Well," you pause, trying to make sure the words came out like you meant them to, "Can you just come to my place instead?" you ask, no need to put on a front that you both aren't wanting the same thing at this point.

"To your place?" his voice hints at the smile that must be on his face from your casual tone on a weighted suggestion.

"Yeah," you respond confidently, although you spin the phone cord in your fingers, fidgeting. "That is, if you don't mind taking a chance on getting snowed in with me." you add flirtatiously, you hear him wet his lips.

"I wouldn't mind that at all." he states factually, his tone deep and dark, you imagine his fingers rubbing over his mouth and chin at your forwardness.

"I'm all stocked up and ready for the storm over here. I've got food, booze, and candles. All I'm missing is you." you sound like you're making a hard sell when he's already agreed.

“You been missing me, sweetheart?” he bypasses your cute retort and goes straight for another flirtatious remark, with a tone to match. The rumble his words send across your skin, makes your thigh muscles tense.
“I wouldn’t be asking you to come over if I hadn’t.” you push back with a feminine but low tone of your own. You flip your hair back out of flirtatious habit. You hadn’t gotten to see Jim as much as you’d wanted in past few weeks, but that didn’t mean you hadn’t been thinking about him. You hear the closed mouth noise of amusement he makes against the receiver.
“Then I’ll be over later, after I finish up here.” you can hear the fabric of his uniform rubbing against itself.
“You know where to find me, Chief.” you close in a playful tone.
You let out a giggle at yourself after you hang up. You felt like being bent over the back of the couch as he walked in would be more subtle than the flirting you just did. You didn’t mind the grin that pulled at the corners of your mouth that wouldn’t go away, or the tingling across your skin when you’d slip into a daydream about his hands on you again. Your muscles ached with anticipation. You watched the snow falling outside from your window to soothe your impatience. The view of the far edge of town from your window was peaceful, no one was out, everyone huddled up for the incoming storm. The glass was painfully frigid under your fingers, your breath fogged the glass. At least you had everything you needed to ride out the storm, and now you had a man to ride it out with too. Another body would help once the electricity went out. You smiled and bit your lip, leaning on the window sill, lost in thought.
Jim had made his way up to your door, he happened to try the doorknob before knocking and sure enough, you’d left it unlocked. He peaks through the door and see’s you looking out a window, bent at the waist, your weight on one arm on the window sill. You were biting your nails, eyes not focused, but directed out into the street.
“We just leaving our doors unlocked at night now?” he asks, his deep voice surprising you and making you jump. You turn towards him, your hand on your chest. “If you’re watching for me, I parked on the other side of the street.” he says, knocking his boots on the doorway.
“I wasn’t, I just like watching the storm,” you explained, trying to regain your cool. “I was expecting you, so I left it unlocked in case I got busy and couldn’t get to the door.”
“Uh huh.” he says, his tongue pushing against his teeth in a taunting

way, he might've believed you.
"I have no reason to lie." you laugh and lay the throw you had around your shoulders on the couch, revealing the off the shoulder, oversized sweater you wore for the evening. It was warm and it had an option for showing a little leg and cleavage if you wanted.
"You don't look very busy." he states. You tilt your head and narrow your eyes at him, giving him an entertained laugh.
"I was cooking earlier-" you stop yourself quickly, turning to move around the couch towards him. "And you need to turn off this Chief talk." you scold him, hanging his jacket in the closet. "Enough with the cop interrogation tactics." you wave your hands in the air as you speak, you make your way to the kitchen, opening the fridge and motioning for him to join you. "What would Jim like to drink? Because that's who I wanted to hang out with tonight." you tease him, pushing his shoulder as he bends to look in the fridge. He side eyes you before reaching for a beer.
Over the next few hours, you slowly break down that barrier Jim keeps up when he's in police mode. You stroke his ego, you feed and flirt, slowly closing the space between the two of you. You found yourself having fun, not just feeling like you were killing time before you decided to have sex. You'd gotten distracted by yet another story about your brother's younger hijinks from Jim when the storm knocks out the power. The electric whoosh of noise following the darkness falls over the town. You don't move for a few seconds.
"You don't have to go deal with this do you?" you turn your face to him, sitting on the couch next to him, the low light from the windows creating blue shadows across your faces.
"Nah, that's the power company's problem, sweetheart." you swallow and nod, glad he doesn't have to leave yet. You make your way to the window in your living room, pulling back the curtain to look out over the town, the moon reflecting off the snow-blanketed ground, illuminating everything with a gloomy sunshine. Your fingers start to sting on the glass, you withdraw to your kitchenette bench where you'd put your box of candles. You carry the lighter in your mouth, placing the candles all over your apartment, Jim has already risen to help. The last place you put the candles in, is your bedroom, you're moving things around to make sure you don't burn the place down when you hear Jim's heavy footsteps walk down the hall and stop in your doorway.

“These are the last of them.” you say low, focusing on the fire in your fingers. You take a look around, the chill of the outside air starting to creep in the house already, the storm blowing is the only noise in the whole town. You let out a long sigh and put your hands on your hips, relaxing.
“Something wrong?” Jim asks. You turn to him with wide eyes, surprised.
“Oh, no. I’ve always liked when the electricity goes out.” you motion to the lit corners of the room “The darkness, the silence, I just find it really relaxing.” you let out another sigh, trying to lose your tension.
“You’re not worried about the storm?” he asks, moving farther into the room. You’re looking out your window, distracted, the snow blows hard and fast, making your view look like television static.
“No, not really.” your flirty grin greets Jim, “Especially not with you here.” you turn to him, shutting the curtain back.
“And why’s that?” he asks, moving slowly and intimidatingly towards you, you hold your ground as he pushes through your personal space. The floorboards creak, from the pressure of his steps, breaking the silence as he stalks closer.
“Well,” you pause, stopping to look up at him, just inches away from you. You let your fingers find and rest very lightly on top of his shirt buttons. “You’ll keep me safe, won’t’ ya Chief?” you ask, your voice low, you suddenly don’t want to play anymore. With dark eyes and a heavy brow, he walks you slowly back against one of the walls of your bedroom.
“I don’t think you invited me over here because you were worried about me keeping you safe, sweetheart.” he implies, his hands finding their way to your hips.
“Well, not exactly…” you pout, looking away, playing coy for a moment. You bring your gaze back up to meet his. “I have missed you, but, I invited you because I wanted to make sure we’d finally have time to fuck.” you give him a self-assured smile, looking up through your lashes. His lips curl up devilishly into a smile. One of his hands moves across your lower back, pulling you close. The other hand slides up your body, from your hip, up between your breasts, onto your neck and behind your head. His fingers nesting into your hair in a fist at the base of your skull. His smile was making more than just your heart melt.
“That’s what I’ve been waiting to hear.” he whispers as he seals the space between your bodies. He goes in hard, your body thudding

against the cold wall. He pushes his weight against you, the hand in your hair he uses to control your head, baring your neck to him, he makes his way down it, his large hands start roaming through all the places you've wanted him to touch. He grabs your ass, moving to squeeze your waist before he whole hands your breast, pulling down the shoulder of your sweater to expose your skin to the cold air of the room. He finds your mouth again, your noses fight against each other as he messily kisses you. Your tounges moving together, your open mouths letting your rising noises escape when your bodies part.

You have one leg hitched up, his hand grips your hip and thigh, holding it against him, he lands a firm open palm to your ass and groans. He wraps his arms around you, almost lifting you to turn your back against the bed, your calves bumping against the edge. His hands are on your hips, his fingers kneading into your flesh, he gives you a small push in the direction of the bed, you let yourself bounce onto it, torn away from his hypnotizing mouth. You see his hands go to take off his shirt, you take off your socks and peel away your sweater. You crawl up the bed, laid out and posed, waiting for him to join you, your fingers lazily run over the swell of your hips. The air is cool and the light low, the sky outside has been black for hours by now. The faint roar of the wind outside, the crackling of the candle wicks mingle in the silence to make everything feel more urgent. The quiet sounds of your wet mouths, your breathing, skin hitting skin, it all feels heightened on a night like this. He stops, his belt off and pants undone, shirt long gone, he palms himself for a moment, running his tongue over his bottom lip while he looks at you on the bed. You bite your lip and reach down to rub yourself over your panties as you watch him touch himself. His large body slides almost on top of yours, the frantic motions of hands, his mouth moves along your shoulders and chest. Your chest is rising and falling fast, his mouth finds one of your nipples. You let out a small gasp as he sucks on you with a groan. His hand running back up and grabbing the bulk of your hips, pulling you closer. You bite your lip and watch as he sends waves of pleasure through your body. His fingers find your other nipple, mimicking the motions of his mouth. You squeeze your fingers in his hair, pushing his mouth against you as you moan. He looks up at you and through pursed lips, you breathe out, "Yes," you whine, "Fuck that's good." he closes his eyes and focuses, he continues to eagerly work your tits with his mouth and hands, tongue flicking and lips tugging as the ache between your thighs grows. You

move one of his hands between your thighs, his eyes roll back and he moans into your breasts he feels the wetness that's already made it's way to the outside of your panties, you roll your hips against his hand. He lets out a dark laugh he disconnects from your nipple with a long lick of his tongue. He moves up to your neck, his mouth finding your ear. His hand is rubbing back and forth over your panties.

"Look how wet you are for me." he says it like you've done something bad.

You wrap your arms around his shoulders and whimper out, "Mmm Hmm." as you move your chest and hips against his body.

"You've been thinking about me doing this to you all day, haven't you?" he groans out, his hands roughly yanking your panties down your legs. You nod against him, moaning into his mouth as he starts to kiss you deeply again.

"Mmm Hmm." you answer, all you could manage to say at this point, you nod and spread your legs as you kick the panties across the room.

"I've been thinking about doing this to you too." he growls, his teeth biting your bottom lip, as he slides his fingers between your pussy lips, down across your clit, to your opening, just applying the lightest pressure before returning to stroke downwards again, your hips bucked every time his fingers would drag across your clit. You throbbed, swollen and sensitive, he made your lips tremble with every touch.

"Fuck." you whine loudly, your head falling back as he stops to focus on your clit, his mouth on your ear, breathing steadily into it, matching the rapid rising and falling of your own chest. He continues until your panting against him. Your eyes cross as he pushes two of his large fingers completely into you. Your mouth drops open, you let out a shaky exhale followed by a sharp pitiful breath before letting out a guttural moan. He smirks against your skin.

"You like that, baby?" he asks, his lips on the curve of your ear. He keeps steadily pumping his fingers into you, stretching and moving them inside you, making you gush.

"Yes, fuck, more." you demand, fisting your hand into his hair. He lets out a low laugh, his lips start working on your throat. He reangles his arm, pushing into you with as much pressure as he can. He pounds his fingers into you, stopping to circle your clit with his thumb from time to time, you let out another moan, your back

arching as your tits bounce with every thrust against you. You feel yourself getting lost in the pursuit of cumming on his fingers, but you're reminded of something you'd much rather have inside you as he presses himself against your thigh. He feels so hot and heavy through the fabric of his pants, you palm him as he works on your clit, he curses under his breath.
"I'd rather have you pounding me with this." you instruct, pressing your lips against his ear, your tongue dragging across the edge.
"Fuck, baby." He lets out a huff of breath as his mouth finds yours again, you're sliding your hands under the waist of his pants, he takes the hint and finally gets completely naked, leaning over your body, between your legs.
Your skin against his is hot, covered in a thin veil of sweat, the cold outside long forgotten. His cock weighs on your lower stomach as he kisses you, hands back in each others hair, you feel him twitch as you moan against him.
You reach between your bodies, slowly stroking his length against you while you rock your hips. He replaces your hand with his, he circles your clit with the head of his cock as he positions himself. You angle your hips, your legs already up and eager to wrap around him. He lines himself up with your entrance. He drops his upper body against yours, you feel him push against you as his lips work deliciously against your own. You make needy noises against him.
"You ready for me, baby?" he asks as he leaves open mouth kisses down the side of your neck.
"Yes, Hop, Please." you say in a breathy whisper between kisses, "Fuck me." you say in a whine as your head pushes against the pillow it laid on. With a hand wrapped around your thigh, he uses his grip on your hip to bring your two bodies together. As he slides deep into you, your mouth opens, a small squeak of a moan escapes as he pushes inside you completely. Your eyes shut as your head falls back, your body adjusting to him. A line of curses fall from your lips in the form of small moans. You feel his fingers clench around your thigh, his forehead pressed against your shoulder. He lets out a long exasperated groan at the feeling of you around him at last.
"You feel so fucking good." he whispers, as he starts to move in and out of you. Your arms around his shoulders, you just listen to the sounds of both of your bodies breathing heavily, the small smacks and moans building. Your hands run down his chest as he raises up, holding your legs far apart at the knees, he pulls you by your hips,

burying himself deeper inside. He closes his eyes, his lip between his teeth as he starts to fall into a rhythm, rubbing up against every sweet spot inside you. You're bouncing off of each other, he's focused as he continues to pound hard and steady into you. Your hands wander as you rise to meet his thrusts, you run your thumbs over your nipples as your tits bounce while he fucks you. You're writhing beneath him. He's making you give up the most pathetic and whiney moans as you feel your orgasm building in waves, making your skin prickle against the air. "Fuck, look at you…" he brings his weight onto one arm, straight out next to you on the bed. You raise your head back up towards him, his gaze is dark, his mouth set slightly agape while he runs his tongue over his teeth, watching you. Your mouth is parted and wet, your touching yourself, your hair falling around your face as he watches you fall apart underneath him. You hold his gaze, panting out praise as he fucks you even harder.

"Yes, fuck, baby, yes." you cry out as his hands just barely touch your hardened nipples as they rub up against his rough hands from his thrusts. He's losing composer as he roughly grabs your breasts, using them as leverage as you start to pulse around him.

"Fuck." he growls, closing the space between you when he feels you fluttering around him. You both fall back into sloppy, wet kisses as you move your hips against each other, moaning messes. His deep and steady pace make you start to shiver.

"I'm close." you say between moans. He takes his hand to the side of your face so you look at him, but you turn your head and take his thumb into your mouth. He groans, giving you a few particularly rough thrusts as you suck on his thumb, it helps hold back your needful sounds, and drives Jim crazy.

"God Dammit, baby." he breathes out heavily, his eyes closing for a moment, feeling you tighten around his cock from his words. He regains composure and uses his thumb to turn you towards him. "Look at me, sweetheart." he runs his thumb across your bottom lip as you moan around it. He feels you convulse around him again. He leans in, pushing his face into your neck, reaching between you and rubbing your clit as he finishes you off. "You gonna come for me?" he asks, his lips press against your skin. You arch against him, your body vibrating.

"Yes. Fuck. Yes." you chant, your fingertips press into his broad shoulders as you let out one loud sudden cry before he starts kissing you, deeply through your orgasm.

“That’s it, come for me.” he groans, feeling you crashing around him, he can’t help but let go with you. With long fluid strokes, he comes inside you. You’re both still coming down, mouths mashing against each other as you both keep swearing. He keeps lazily rocking into you until you’ve stopped shaking and he’s gone soft, only then does he stop kissing you. You’re dazed in the best way. You let your post-orgasm smile spread across your face as you both lay there looking at each other for a moment. He feels compelled to smile down at you. He admires how your soft skin seems to glow, and how the swell of your breasts pushed against him looked and felt. He pushes some of your hair back, looking you over while you do the same to him. He gives you a brief but soft kiss. He pulls away from you, falling into the bed next to you, you almost immediately shiver. You get under the covers and Jim follows your lead. He doesn’t object when you snuggle up to his chest, wiggling against him to warm up. You plant a kiss on his chest and rest yourself against his warm body. You feel like you’re being watched and open your eyes to see Jim looking you over as he runs his hand lazily up and down your back and hips. “You’re gorgeous, you know that?” he asks, leaning in and giving you another kiss. He makes a satisfied hum and tightens his grip on you, placing his head on top of yours. You let out a small squeak of a yawn and he laughs.

“Tired there, babe?” he asks, his hand caressing the side of your face.

“Mmm Hmm” you nod. “I always fall asleep after a good orgasm.” you state, snuggling into the warm softness of the bed and his body. “And that was an amazing one.” you add softly. He chuckles to himself. “I’m gonna fall asleep, Hop.” you look up at him, “I’d prefer if you stayed but, I also won’t be offended if you don’t.” you say, laying back down and getting comfy.

“I didn’t plan on going anywhere.” he pulls the covers up over you both and lets you get settled.

“Good. That means we get to do this again before you leave.” you mumble happily, sleep and sex making it so you didn’t care to show that you liked Jim and wanted him to stay around.

“Whenever that is, with this storm.” he pauses, looking out the window, “I don’t care how bad it gets if it means we finally got to do this.” he lets himself settle against you.

“It only took an act of nature to make it happen.” you joke, a smile still reading on your face despite your closeness to falling asleep.

You fade fast, between the exertion and the rise and fall of Jim’s

chest, you can't fight the sleep off, no matter how much you were enjoying the first indulgent post-sex moment between the two of you.